



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

# Under the blue sun



19 0 2

## Chapter 1 by Ines Messaoudi

By now, I've learned that it was considered rude to stare at people's faces so I kept my eyes on the floor. The smooth earthen ground of the alley was a pale red that turned a flaming copper under the baking noon sun, somehow I liked it, it made me feel warm and loose, something I couldn't say about the callous asphalt streets back home, I could almost feel the stiff frost around my limbs melting as I walked down the alley. I liked this city; empty, deprived and hostile as it was, I may even end up loving it, though I knew it would never love me back.

Aswan is only a harsher version of the cities I knew before, places that from the very first second, judges you, and then gives you the permanent label of an unwelcomed stranger.

## Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)[Feedback](#)

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) | [!\[\]\(99f58673407353e96a019fbca558fd72\_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(2113e5cba4d11862fa536c379e9b61cd\_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(c9a5cd0ae2be6c3d63effa266a341339\_img.jpg\)](#)

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)